Before you haue them.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lords, the Engliſh lie within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

Con. VVho hath meaſured the ground?

Meſſ. The Lord *Granpeere.*

Con. A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away,
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the King diſguiſed, to him Piſtoll.

Piſt. Ke ve la?

King. A friend.

Piſt. Diſcus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?
Or art thou common, baſe, and popeler?

King. No ſir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Piſt. Trailes thou the puiſſant Pike?

King. Euen ſo ſir. VVhat are you?

Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

King. O then thou art better then the King.

Piſt. The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,
A lad of life, an impe of fame,
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kis his durty ſhooe, and from my heart ſtrings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Piſt. Le Roy, a Corniſh man;
Art thou of Corniſh crew?

King. No ſir, I am a *Welchman.*

Piſt. A *Welchman*; knowſt thou *Flewellen?*

King. I ſir, he is my kinſman.

Piſt. Art thou his friend?

King. I ſir.

Piſt. Figa for thee then; my name is *Piſtoll.*

King. It ſorts well with your fierceneſſe.

Piſt.

Piſt. Piſtoll is my name.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. Captaine *Flewellen.*

Flew. In the name of Ieſu ſpeake lower.
It is the greateſt folly in the worell, when th
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the wars of
You ſhall finde no tittle tattle, nor bibble b
But you ſhall finde the cares, and the feares
And the ceremonies to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud: you heard l

Flew. Godes ſollud, if the enemy be an aſſ
A nd a prating cocks-combe, is it meet tha
Afoole, a nd a prating cocks-combe,
In your conſcience now?

Gower. Ile ſpeake lower.

Flew. I beſeech you do, good Captaine *G*

Exit Gowe

King. Though it appeare a little out of f
Yet there's much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul.* I, we ſee the beginning,
God knowes whether we ſhall ſee the end

3. *Soul.* Well, I thinke the King could wi
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Tham
And ſo I would he were, at all aduentures, a

King. Now maſters good morrow, what

3. *Soul.* Ifaith ſmall cheere ſome of vs is lik
Ere this day to an end.

King. Why feare nothing man, the king i

2. *Soul.* I he may be, for he hath no cauſe a

King. Nay ſay not ſo, he is a man as we are
The Violet ſmels to him as vnto vs;
Therefore if he ſee reaſons, he feares as we